When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verſes written on her backe & pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.

Seruing. My gracious Lord, ſee wher my Lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

Humph. I charge you for your liues ſtir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they ſhould.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to ſee my open ſhame?
Ah *Gloſter*, now thou doſt penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their ſights,
And in thy pent vp ſtudy rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to eaſe thy heart.

Elnor. Ah Gloſter, teach me to forget my ſelfe,
For whilſt I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthleſſe flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I ſtart, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduiſed how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in ſhame, with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloſter, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile ſay I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But ſo he rulde, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I his fore-lorne Dutcheſſe
Was led with ſhame, and made a laughing ſtocke,
To euery idle raſcald follower.

Humfrey. My louely *Nell*, what wouldſt thou haue me do?